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NEAR ENOUGH.

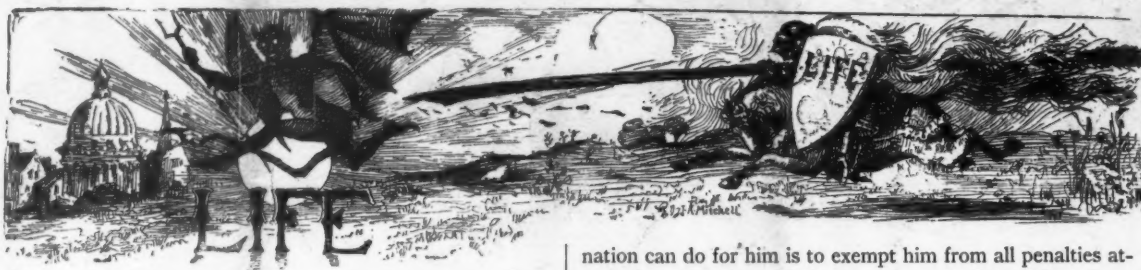
She: DO YOU MAKE ANY REDUCTION TO CLERGYMEN?

Gallant Old Confectioner: ALWAYS; ARE YOU A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE?

She (blushing): OH, NO; I AM NOT MARRIED.

G. O. C. (becoming interested): DAUGHTER, THEN?

She (blushing deeper): NO; BUT I—I AM ENGAGED TO A THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.



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THE August number of the *Century Magazine* contains among its open letters an article entitled "What Shall be Done with Our Ex-Presidents?" in which, after summarizing all the undignified things an ex-President can't do, the author recommends that he be permitted to pass the rest of his days in the Senate with a salary of \$25,000 a year.

This is a beautiful suggestion, and should be acted on at once by Congress; but certain questions of moment must be considered before anything final can be done.

There has been much discussion of late between partisan newspapers as to who, beside Mr. Arthur, holds the empty honor of ex-President of the United States.

The Democratic press of the land are unanimously of the opinion that Mr. Samuel J. Tilden has that honor; the Republican papers are equally certain that Mr. Hayes is the ex-President, while a large portion of the more independent of our contemporaries concur in the belief that to Mrs. Hayes, and to her alone, belongs the priceless title.

Now, if it be definitely decided to place Mr. Arthur and others of his position in the Senate on the desirable salary of \$25,000 a year, who is going to settle the dispute between the three claimants to the other seat?

The question will doubtless resolve itself into a contest between Mr. Tilden and Mr. Hayes, allowing the latter, in case of success, to fight it out with the third candidate; but we submit that much delicacy will have to be observed by the arbitrator, as both the great parties in the land will bring every power to bear upon him to award that \$25,000 palm to him who merits it.

A MUCH better plan, it seems to us, would be to settle upon Mr. and Mrs. Hayes a ten thousand dollar chicken farm, and hold the remaining fund of \$15,000 in trust for Mr. Tilden, to be given to him when he can establish his claim to it upon better evidence than the oft repeated word of a Butler organ.

As for Mr. Arthur, it will be remembered that he was LIFE's candidate for the Senate; but if he cannot get there in the legitimate way, the most acceptable thing a grateful

nation can do for him is to exempt him from all penalties attached to violations of the game laws, and give him a front seat at all the National dinners.

AS items of interest in England war and politics have been superseded by scandal, and English society seems to be so universally affected by the latter, that it will hardly prove politic to visit social displeasure upon any of the offenders.

We would strenuously advise those in power to cut off all communication with the outer world until the developments cease to be so prolific as at present. If something of this kind is not done Pinafore will have to be revised for the rest of the world, and one of its popular songs made to read:

It's greatly to his discredit
That he is an Englishman.

THE only man to rise superior to this civil—or more properly speaking uncivil—warfare is Lord Randolph Churchill, who may now be said to be the only able-bodied politic in the kingdom.

He is being discussed in a way that cannot fail to please his soaring ambition, and is the envy of all the theatrical people in the country. Beside him Mrs. Langtry's reconciliation with the Prince of Wales and the conferral of the rank of Corporal in the Salvation Army on the Queen sink into insignificance, and if he is not some day Premier of England the prognostications of our political weather bureau are gravely at fault.

The moralist may observe in this the influence of the American school of politics. Churchill is a mugwump, has an American wife, and manages to keep solid with the Irish, which the student of political history is well aware is the proper combination in this country, a partisan press to the contrary notwithstanding.

BY the way. Now that English society is being shown up in its true light, is it not a matter for congratulation that some progressive Americans were refused admittance to the London clubs?

GOLDWIN SMITH wants the Irish shipped to Tasmania.

It is rumored that this eminent Canadian philosopher has a scheme on foot to populate Ireland with the surplus of American forgers and embezzlers whom Canada cannot accommodate, and in this view he has our hearty co-operation with this amendment: that provision, likewise, be made for such other American nuisances as O'Donovan Rossa, Anthony Comstock and the New York *Tr-b-ne*.



THAT BIRTHDAY.

Miss Bessie: TELL ME, AUNTIE, AM I TWENTY-FIVE OR TWENTY-SIX TO-DAY. IT IS FUNNY ENOUGH BUT I NEVER CAN REMEMBER.

Auntie: WHY, BESSIE, YOU OUGHTN'T TO FORGET WHEN YOU WERE BORN—YOU ARE TWENTY-SIX.

Uncle Joe (who is a little deaf): BESSIE BORN IN TWENTY-SIX! WHY JANE YOU ARE CRAZY; SHE WASN'T BORN TILL FIFTY: SHE IS ONLY THIRTY-FIVE.

MIHI SATIS.

"Liege of all loiterers and malcontents."—*Love's Labor Lost*.

IF loitering be sign manual of love,
And ill-content with exercise another,
Then write me down field corporal thereof;
Let who will be in indolence my brother.

Beneath the shade I lie in prone idlesse,
Deaf as a post to call for oar or tennis,
Though Naiads don bewitching boating-dress
And Dryads drape in webs like *point de Venice*.

To rival Jehu I have no desire,
Or galop like Guy Livingstone to cover,
And with old maids on ant-hills to perspire
On pic-nic fare—thank you, my day is over!

A gun? I'd rather wait for autumn's feet
And game that one can possibly put salt on;
The only pastime that agrees with heat
Is that approved by dear old Izaak Walton!

Let Amaryllis come—I'll bait her hook
While Chloe cools the claret in the sedges;
Phyllis can read from Keats or some such book
And Daphne rifle wild blooms from the hedges.

Content with all or one I pass the time—
Stay, add a pipe, the chicken and crisp salad;
If these be not fit themes for summer rhyme
I'll take to drink and—never print this ballad.

John Moran.

THE President has appointed a Mr. Chinn to a Custodianship in Baton Rouge.

It seems to us that Chinn would find a more appropriate place in Congress.

THE cup that inebriates but don't cheer—Hiccup.

THE most striking thing in the way of bronze mantel ornaments—A clock.



THE CONCORD PHILOSOPHERS.

AT Concord the Philosophers
Have very nearly got
Down to the very essence of
The Whichness of the What.

They've tried to make it plain to us
That what they all do n't know
Is hardly worth a tossed cent
To find out. Yet 't is so

That none of them, who worship and
Dub Emerson a saint,
Can clarify the clouds about
The Notness of the Aint.

THE popular song among the admirers of the *Century Magazine* just now is "Oh, Aint You Warful."

THE *Post* devotes considerable attention to "Fly-Fishing in Canada."
Well, they have some very fly fishes there of the Marine Bank variety.

THE "Fast Freight Agents" have just held a convention in Montreal.
This is very significant.

MR. GLADSTONE has gone off on a yachting expedition.
It is rumored that he has declined offers of a steerage.

WE are surprised that Lord Tennyson should have overlooked the glorious opportunity afforded by his poem to the Princess Beatrice and her husband.
His two yous would have scored a bull's-eye if used there.

YES, Henry, "Scoots and Skedadles" would be a very funny name for a parody on Mrs. Custer's book, "Boots and Saddles." Almost as funny as such a parody would be in bad taste.

THERE are several Rotten Rows in England just now.

THE question is asked, "Is \$50,000 high for a tenor?"
Well, rather. High C for a tenor is considered elevated, and C is only \$100 note.

A CORRESPONDENT is informed that Sullivan's favorite colors are black and blue.

A THEATRICAL item announces that Madame Modjeska has secured a *jeune premier* from England.
Is Lord Churchill going on the stage?

CONSIDERABLE excitement was caused in the *Tribune* office last week when a rumor reached the editorial rooms that the Civil War was over.

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

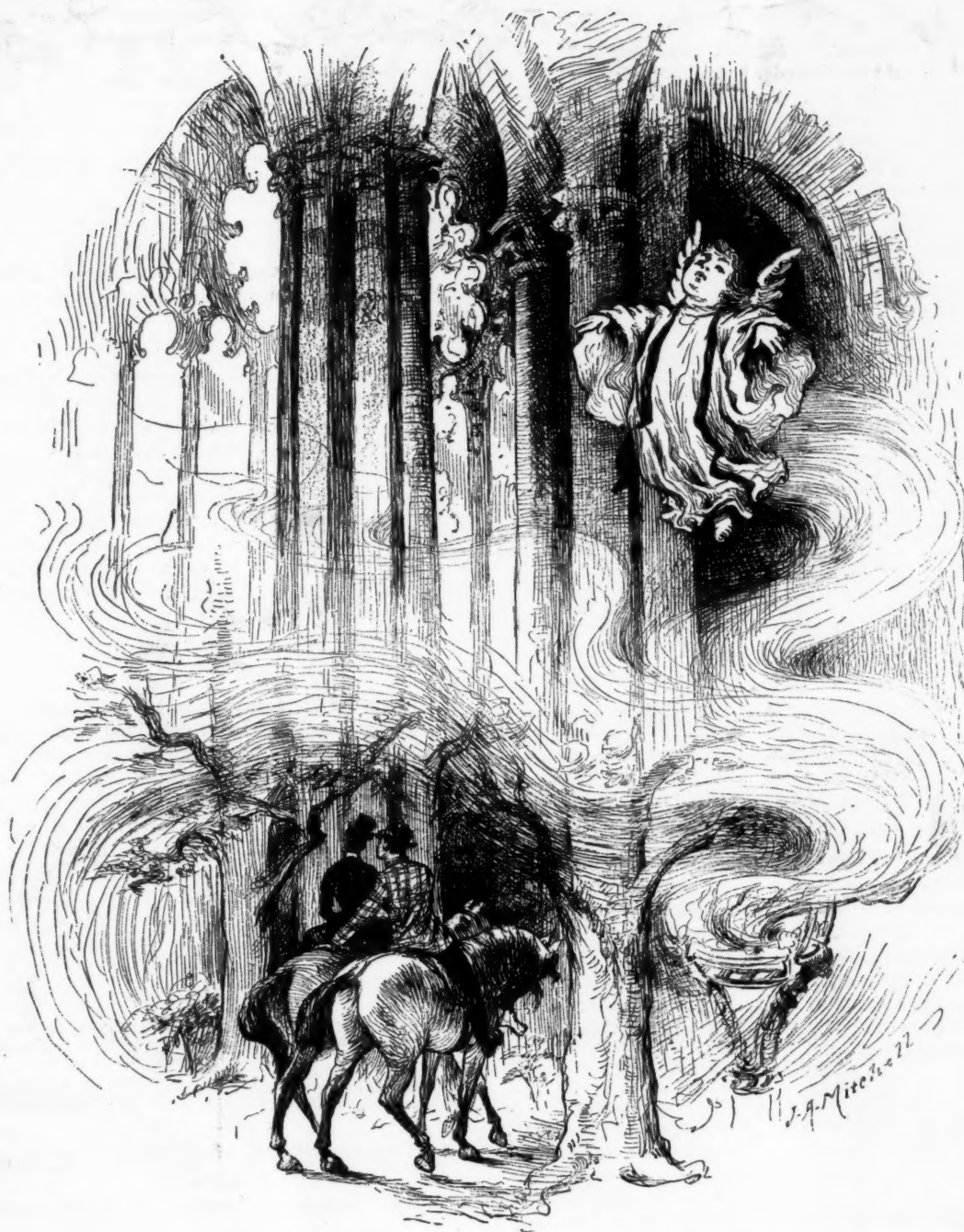


"T IS NOT ALONE MY INKY CLOAK GOOD MOTHER."
—Hamlet.

RIEL has been found guilty of Rebellion in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. His English subordinates have been adjudged insane.
Riel was "Not English, but Frenchy, you know."

WE regret to learn that Mr. J. D. Fish does not go to dinner in the regular lock step.
Are the authorities afraid to trust him with the combination?

IT is not surprising that the rains of last week did not obliterate Mr. Squire's alleged verses.
They are evidently written in water-meter.



THE PATH OF SPOONING LEADS BUT TO THE NAVE.

—Goldsmith, adapted.

ADVICE.

(MATER LOQUITUR.)

HE's young, you say; the world's before him.
 He has his brain, a good one, too.
 We'll let that pass. You'd best ignore him,
 He's surely not the man for you.
 My dear, pray look for talents double—
 Talents of mind and *metal*, too.
 They say love thrives with want and trouble;
 It is n't true!

There, there, Miss! Now, no tears or wailing.
 When you have lived as long as I
 You'll find that life is easy sailing,
 Provided you've a proper eye
 To business and cash transactions.
 You'll find that Love's a fickle fool
 In practice as he is in actions—
 Unfit to rule.

He is n't worth consideration
 Who is n't worth a single sou.
 Though poverty's no degradation,
 I'll tell you frankly, of the two,
 Look out for family and money;
 Do n't meddle, dear, with love or brains,
 And when we catch this *gilded* sonny,
 I'll take the reins.

William S. Case.



WHY WE ADMIRE OLD SILAS LAPHAM.

MR. HOWELLS has brought "The Rise of Silas Lapham" to a logical and entirely comfortable conclusion. True it is that the honest old paint-dealer succumbs to financial difficulties and never disports himself in the glories of the magnificent mansion on the Back Bay. But we are left to feel that much of the dross of his character took flight with his riches, and that the somewhat broken old man, who retires to the homestead from which he set out on his career, is an altogether finer being than the millionaire paint king.

IN estimating the measure of the novelist's success in this creation these things must be counted to his credit: he has made the central figure of his story an old man, unromantic, lacking refinement, a braggart, with many frailties, vulgarly rich—and yet the most notable character of recent fiction, ennobled by his transcendent honesty and unpretentious sincerity. To have done this is the greatest achievement of Mr. Howells.

By way of contrast one thinks of that other pre-eminent old man, Colonel Newcome, courtly, brave, lovable and kind,

the best type of a true gentleman—the antithesis of Silas Lapham, and yet having in common with him the one trait of unswerving honesty that makes both heroes.

IT is not possible to dismiss the book without a word of praise for Bromfield Corey. His wit is as delicate as the odor of arbutus, and yet as pungent as ammonia. His satire is as severe toward himself as toward others. It is refining and elevating to hear him gently and yet mercilessly laugh at his own weakness and the foibles of his very respectable relatives.

There is a great sea between Silas Lapham and Bromfield Corey, but Mr. Howells has thoroughly explored both shores.

A GLIMPSE is given in the August *Century* of a very notable contribution to biography, history and politics which is soon to be published—the life of William Lloyd Garrison, by his sons. This work, which is now in press, will fill two large and elegantly printed volumes. It is, in effect, a history of the anti-slavery movement of which Garrison was the inspiration and the accepted leader.

A high literary quality and unusual accuracy of statement are assured in the work by the fact that its authors are skilled men of letters, one of them having been literary editor of the *Nation* for many years.

THE Scribner's offer to lovers of out-door sport three instructive and entertaining books—a concise and suggestive hand-book on "Lawn Tennis as a Game of Skill," by Lieutenant S. C. F. Peile, of England, with notes by an American expert, R. D. Sears; a spirited and graphic narrative of the races for "The America's Cup," from 1851 to the present day, by Captain R. F. Coffin, who saw all the contests except the first; and the humorous narrative of "A Canterbury Pilgrimage," from the Tabard Inn to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, on a tandem tricycle, by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with many clever sketches by the former.

Droch.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE AMERICA'S CUP. How it was won by the Yacht America, in 1851, and has been since Defended. By Captain Roland F. Coffin. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Canterbury Pilgrimage. Ridden, written and illustrated by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lawn Tennis as a Game of Skill, with latest revised laws as played by the best clubs. By Lieut. S. C. F. Peile, B.S.C. Edited by Richard W. Sears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Aulnay Tower. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

THE CURSE OF WEALTH.—"The public be damned."

It's the turncoat who sees the seamy side of political life

MILDEWED MAXIMS.

WITH MODERN MAYONNAISE.

"**M**ONEY makes the mare go;" but buyers of pools at Brighton assert that more frequently it is the mare that makes the money go.

"**B**E virtuous and you'll be happy;" but great Heavens! how lonely you'll be!

"**L**ITTLE pitchers have long ears." This is respectfully referred to the base-ball editor.

"**W**ORTH makes the man." This may have been true when originally written; but in these days it is Worth who makes the woman.

"**A**LL roads lead to Rome;"—of course, to roam, that is. (This joke if rejected by *LIFE* will be at once cabled over to *Punch*.)

"**H**OPE deferred maketh the heart sick;" or in the case of a dinner it has a similar effect upon the stomach.

"**A** PENNY saved is a penny gained." True; but as you can hardly take a very extensive summer vacation on the strength of it, why not spend it—not wastefully, of course, nor all at once, but firmly and with judgment.

"**H**ASTEN slowly." "Slow, but sure." Probably composed by a District Messenger boy.

H. T. P.



A WARNING.

WASHINGTON DOTS.

WIDELY-CONFLICTING rumors are afloat as to the number of fish that the President caught on his recent excursion. The President is not regarded as an authority on the subject.

STALWART Republicans are very indignant over the removal of a postmaster, who was a loyal sutler in Sherman's army, to make room for one of Lee's traitorous wagon-drivers. An indignation meeting will be held, and Mr. Blaine has been invited to speak.

A POSTMASTER in a Western town, who had his coat-tail burned off at a Democratic bonfire, will be retained in his position.

A REPUBLICAN office-holder in Ohio has written to the President defending himself from charges of offensive partisanship. He admits that he was treasurer of a Blaine club, but alleges that he spent all the funds of the club at a Democratic saloon, so as to preserve a political equilibrium.

EX-SECRETARY CHANDLER (accent on the "ex") is preparing a vigorous letter, in which he will swear that the *Dolphin* is bigger than the *Great Eastern*, stronger than the *Devastation*, and that she can make more "Nots" at one trial than any ship in the world.

A LETTER has been received from Mr. Buddensiek suggesting a plan for making the Washington monument a quarter of a mile higher with a brick addition, to be surmounted with a mud capstone.
J. A. Macon.



"HALF PAST TWO
& ALL IS
WELL."

"CORPORAL OF THE GUARD
NUMBER EIGHT RELIEF"



LEFT.



Keyble

REVEILLE "AT THE FIRING OF
OFFICERS & MEN SHOULD RISE
GENERAL

REMINISCENCES OF



ROLL CALL 5.15 AM



"WHERE DID YOU FIND THOSE
BOTTLES, PRIVATE."
"BEHIND THE OFFICER'S TENTS
SIR."



"MY SON YOU DO YOUR FAMILY CREDIT. YOU
KEEP STEP BETTER THAN THE WHOLE REGIMENT."



EARLY MORNING COFFEE.
SMALL APPETITE BUT LARGE HEAD



BETWEEN DRILLS

FIRING OF THE GUN
SHOULD RISE IMMEDIATELY.
GENERAL ORDER NO 30.

ANCES OF PEEKSKILL.

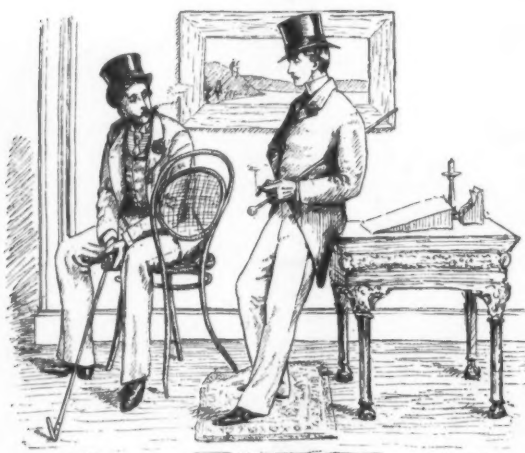
THE MODERN PAN.

NO more where finches chatter
 At morn he speeds along;
 No more the faun and satyr
 Trip after him with song;
 No more 'mid river rushes
 From him the fleet nymphs hide;
 No more his reed-pipe gushes
 At quiet vesper-tide.

In vain the timid shepherd
 Now waits to see him pass;
 No foot but that of leopard
 Or red deer stirs the grass,
 On wild Arcadian mountain
 Where once he wandered free;
 He haunts no crystal fountain
 Beyond the briny sea.

The days of flowing kirtle
 Are ghosts of memory now;
 No wreaths of bay or myrtle
 Adorn the minstrel's brow.
 We bow with vows and sighing
 Before the God of Pelf,—
 While Pan (poor Pan!) is lying
 Upon the pantry shelf!

Clinton Scollard.



THE VENDETTA.

1st Old Chappie: I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE, YOU GOING TO THE BOODLES' PARTY?

2d Old C.: NO. I'M NOT INVITED.

1st Old C.: BY JOVE! NEITHER AM I. KIND OF STRANGE, EH?

2d Old C.: BEASTLY STRANGE. TELL YOU HOW WE'LL GET EVEN WITH 'EM, THO'. LET NEITHER OF US GO!

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

II.

SARATOGA.

THE SAUNTERER, owing to the fact that he had loaned the Earl of Buncono a collar bearing his name, and that the same was found among the said Earl's effects at the time of his apprehension by the police of Newport, was obliged to travel *incog.* for a few days, it being deduced by justice that the loan of a collar was sufficient evidence of conspiracy upon the SAUNTERER'S part. The eminent legal gentleman who had previously decided that the SAUNTERER was a vagrant, on the ground that he could not hear the silver certificate jingling in his vest pocket, likewise was of the opinion that "the subterfuge of the bogus Earl was aided and abetted by the said Harcourt, in that he, Harcourt, aforesaid, knowing that no genuine Peer of the Realm frequented good society without a collar on, did, at the hour of six P. M., on the 23d day of August, so connive with the Prisoner, the said bogus Earl of Buncono, that he, the said connivor, did then and there, supply him, the said Earl, bogusly so-called, with the necessary neck apparel, thereby ensuring his acceptance by the citizens of Newport in his false capacity, and in so doing he, the said Harcourt, was guilty of conspiracy against the public weal."

Having engaged a New York lawyer to defend him the SAUNTERER pleaded guilty of arson in the first degree, was convicted, sentenced to thirty years in the county jail, got a stay of proceedings from a rival judge, and is out on bail *ad interim*, and out of jurisdiction of the trying court for a somewhat longer term. This shows what wealth and influence can accomplish.

A much more serious matter was the retention of the SAUNTERER'S collar by the judiciary of Rhode Island, and the marking of the same so conspicuously as to render it useless save as a yachting signal, "Exhibit B." Our correspondent had based his hopes of social recognition in Saratoga upon that collar, and it was with much chagrin that, after riding thither on a first-class cow-catcher, he was forced to enter the town with a neck as innocent of a choker as that of a new-born babe.

A copy of the *Tribune* having most opportunely fallen in the SAUNTERER'S way, however, a suitable affair was constructed from the margins, the proper stiffness being derived from some of the editor's statements which bordered thereon.

Declining all proffered assistance in the shape of stage drivers, who desired to become trustees of his person for a consideration of twenty-five cents, the SAUNTERER walked to a large hotel near by and peremptorily enquired why they had not sent a private carriage to the *dépôt*, as they had been instructed, and expressed the hope that they had not been equally negligent in saving a cottage suite for him. The gentlemanly clerk replied that no such instructions had been received, whereupon the SAUNTERER threatened to sue the Western Union Telegraph Company for breach of contract, which seemed to inspire the profoundest respect in the call boys, who nearly brushed the SAUNTERER out of the front



A LITTLE GIRL



A GREEN PEAR

COMBINATION.

COMBINATION No. 13.

door with their whisks, and caused the clerk to feel sorry that any mistake had been made and promised to see to the comfort of Mr.—er—ah? “Lord Cholmondeley Harcourt,” replied the SAUNTERER to this evident interrogation. Bang! went the bell. Front came a regiment of darkies, and seventeen rooms and a bath-tub were at the SAUNTERER’S disposal in five minutes.

As he went to his apartment he overheard the words: “We don’t ketch one of those noble fellers often, and when we do! Lord! what’ll they say up at the Union!”

Once accepted as a Lord, everything went along smoothly. Invitations poured in for days, and the SAUNTERER was seen in such good company, and was so cordially received at the Baptist Convention in the Town Hall, where he occupied a private box and made a speech advocating Free Trade in water tanks, that he obtained all the credit in town he desired. In fact, money was found to be forthcoming, as his society was found to be so desirable at public gatherings that had he wished—and he frequently did—he could command his own price simply for looking in. Considerable revenue was likewise obtained because of a judicious remark made concerning one of the waters, which remark was copyrighted by the company owning the spring, and attached to the

SAUNTERER’S portrait, likewise purchased and copyrighted, to be scattered broadcast through the periodical literature of the land, along with those of the Rev. Henry Ward Langtry, Lillie Pinkham and Mrs. Lydia Beecher.

The SAUNTERER’S friends objected to the copyrighting of portrait, but when it was placed before them as a permanent injunction against the insertion of the same in the Rogues’ Gallery, they were comforted.

The main features of Saratoga life are the concerts, hops and water drinking. Every well regulated hotel gives at least seven concerts during the day, some of them even going through the formality of a waltz on the arrival of every train, so as to convince the newly arrived visitor that transient guests at war prices are more popular there than permanents at starvation rates.

The music, as a rule, is very simple and light, but matters have been so arranged here that the classically inclined may gratify his desires. While the United States Hotel orchestra is playing “Sweet Violets,” and the Grand Union band is rendering “Whiskers on the Moon,” the lover of the classic can stand midway between the two, an infallible receipt for producing a Symphony Concert which will deceive the best tuned ear.



A SENSE OF ORDER.

The Aunt: WHY, JENNY, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE STONES?

The Niece: I SWALLOW THEM, SO AS NOT TO LITTER UP THE YARD.

The hops constitute a most important and popular phase of life at this celebrated resort; the one given at one of the best known hotels last night being the most successful of the season. To be sure there were only three couples dancing and seven chaperones in the ball-room, but it is estimated that fully ten thousand persons, including the colored waiter of the house, peered at them through the open windows.

One of the most popular springs here is reported to be failing, but whether this is due to the scarcity of salt, iron barrel hoops and cats this season has not yet been determined. At all events, it has lost much of its former flavor, which may be a misfortune and may not, for it may transpire that the offer of a well-known millionaire of \$50 for a case of pure water that a man could swallow without losing his self-respect is a *bona fide* one.

The SAUNTERER received his weekly bill last evening, and as the \$750 charges thereon are largely to be offset by a package of cigarettes and a return ticket to New York, the

latter will be called into requisition this evening, and the next letter will be from that celebrated seaside resort and land of Israel, Long Branch.

Cholmondeley Harcourt.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

DAME RABBIT AND HER DAUGHTER.

AN old Rabbit and her daughter once lived happily in a hollow stump; but after a while the old Rabbit fell into the habit of monopolizing all the cover when they went to bed on cold nights; whereupon the young Rabbit announced her intention of hunting another stump and living alone. This announcement led to a family fight, in which the old Rabbit came out a bad second. Thereafter, the two animals lived in different homes, became thoroughly reconciled, and stole each other's cabbages with genial pertinacity.

MORAL: This Fable has remote reference to the Fourth of July, and to the subject of international copyright.

YE FAIRE TENNIS-PLAYER.

SUCH sweete enjoyment Phoebe takes,
Y^e Tennis-Ball in flyinge,
She cares not for y^e Hearte yt aches,
Nor heedes Her Lover sighinge.

Straightway yⁿ mischief^e cupid calls,
Yt close besyde her lingers;
"Menne's Heartes are light^e as Tennis-Balls
Yt flye from Phoebe's Fingers."

Harold Van Santvoord.

THE MARINE BAND.

THE chief of the fire department was dead, and the boys determined to give him an imposing burial. The "Marine Band" was hired for \$50 to head the procession.

As they passed the post-office the band played with extraordinary vigor. Amid the sequence of explosions from the horns and the clash and booming of drums and cymbals it would have taken a musical expert to distinguish the tune.

"Why do they call it the Marine Band?" asked Pete Lathrop of his friend Oliver.

"D-d-do n't know," was the stuttering reply; "unless it's b-b-because they're all at s-s-sea."

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

W. J. B.—You say "the joke on the *World* in your last issue is full of typographical errors." That is a very true statement, W. J. B., but did you ever see a copy of the *World* that wasn't in a like predicament.



WHY HIS HAT SANK.

A PARTLY intoxicated man fell overboard from a boat the other day, and after being fished out of the water looked around and asked:

"Where's my hat?"

The hat was nowhere to be seen.

"I guess," said one, "it must have sunk."

"I wonder what made it sink," the owner grumbled.

"Probably because there was a brick in it."

There was no more said.—*Boston Courier*.

IN A QUANDARY.

WIFE: What's the matter, my dear? You seem to be in a quandary.

Husband: I am. I got a letter from my friend, Congressman X. to-day, in which he requests that it be not published, and I can't make up my mind what paper to take it to.

A GOOD REASON.

LITTLE Johnny Fizzletop has the habit of waking up every night in the middle of the night, and demanding something to eat. At last his mother said to him:

"Look here, Johnny, I never want to eat anything in the night."

"Well, I don't think I'd care much to eat anything either in the night if I kept all my teeth in a mug of water."—*Ex.*

"WHAT are the last teeth that come?" asked a Lynn teacher of her class in physiology.

"False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat.—*Lynn Union*.

LITTLE girl from Chicago: "Our family is a more aristocratic family than yours."

Little girl from Boston: "No, it is n't. My mother can boast of her forefathers for the past two centuries."

Little girl from Chicago: "Oh, that is nothing. My mother can boast of four husbands in the last two years."—*Philadelphia Call*

My tale concerns the descendants of Ham, possibly members of the Thompson Street Poker Club. After a fitful argument over the pasteboards, two of them determined to have it out, and so bet heavily, as that adverb was construed by them. A call was the inevitable result, as was also the query:

"Watcha got?"

"Two par," was the proudly uttered response.

"Two par heah," said Hannibal.

"Jacks up," uttered Scipio in reply.

"Jacks heah," said Hannibal, with a tantalizing smile.

"Trays next," was Scipio's blunt declaration.

"Trays heah," mumbled Hannibal, as his face opened in a grin.

"Ace," shouted Scipio, as he thumped the table conclusively.

"Ace next heah," and Hannibal was in danger of falling from his chair in an ecstasy of delight.

"Holy Moses!" shrieked Scipio, as he turned up the whites of his eyes.

"Holy Moses heah," and Hannibal stretched forth a sable hand to divide the pot.—*Philadelphia News*.

Good New Light Reading

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Leisure Moment Series

MADAME DE PRESNEL. By E. T. Poynter. 30 cts.

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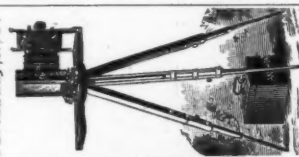
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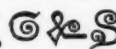
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